

Shocker

Story: Shocker

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8154831/1/>

Category: Lion King

Genre: Adventure/Romance

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Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3365186/>

Last updated: 05/30/2012

Words: 10676

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: A miserable cub gets struck by lightning, and is granted amazing new powers. Powers which he uses to give the Pride Lands a shock... literally.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: The Dark and Stormy Night

AN: Wow. It's been a little while, but I'm back with another exciting, action-packed escapade for all you lovely readers. And to think there's just two stories left to go. Oh, dear...

Shocker

Chapter One: The Dark and Stormy Night

Crash!

Another wave of booming thunder echoed out across the Pride Lands! It was terrifying in intensity, and the noise sounded loud enough to shake the whole ground!

It was a stormy night in the Pride Lands. It was rare that the kingdom ever received all that much rain – most of the days were nice and hot and sunny – but when it *did*, then the rain sure wanted everyone to know about it. It was loud. *Very* loud. And, for some reason, just the tiniest bit frightening.

The rain pounded the ground. If you went outside, then you would most likely drown from how heavy the rain was. It was *that* bad. All anyone could seem to hear was the rain. It wanted itself to be known. The sun wasn't like that. The sun was just... there.

Crash! More thunder. It just never seemed to end. This had to be the worst storm in the Pride Lands for years. *Maybe* ever since King Ahadi's reign. No one had ever seen anything like it. The rain kept falling, the thunder kept crashing, and as for the lightning...

Well, that was the worst of all. The lightning just wouldn't stop. *Crash! Crash! Crash!* Bolts of lightning attacked the ground viciously – so much so that you would think the ground might crack.

It truly was a miserable night. Thick, black clouds had enveloped the night sky, so that you couldn't even see the stars or the moon. It was just the blackness. The empty blackness. It was such a terrible night.

"This is such a terrible night!" Haiba exclaimed, as he, Simba and Nala sat in the corner of the den.

The three cubs had nothing to do at all. The horrible storm had rendered them unable to leave the den, so all they could do was just sit there. The next few hours were sure to be filled with boredom, followed by monotony.

"Look at the bright side of things," replied Nala. "At least you're not stuck out there," she said, gesturing to the raging storm just beyond the den. "You could get struck by lightning and die."

"At least that would be something exciting," Haiba muttered, before gesturing to the den. "More exciting than *this*, that's for sure. Just the thought of *sleeping* here makes me feel sick to my stomach."

"You don't seem to mind any other night," said Simba. He was lying flat on his stomach, a glum look on his face. He was more bored than the two of them put together. He wanted to get out. He wanted to go somewhere. Where? *Anywhere*. As long as it was out of here, then he was happy.

"Hey, I've got an idea," said Haiba. "Why don't we play a game? I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with 'R'"

Simba sighed. "Rain?" he answered, prompting Haiba to look very surprised.

"How did you get that right?" he exclaimed, shocked. "You're a clever cub, I'll give you that. Now it's your turn."

"I don't think so," Simba responded. "I've had enough of games. Why don't we go outside or something?"

"Simba, you know we can't go outside," Nala told him. "For a start, there's so much rain. You could slip on a puddle and break your neck. Secondly, there's lightning striking every few seconds. What if you get electro-frazzled or something?"

"I think the term is 'electrocuted'," Haiba corrected her. "But then again, I like the word 'electro-frazzled'. Keep it in your head, I want to use it more in conversation."

"And third..." Nala struggled to think of a third reason. "Well, there isn't a third reason because the second one was so great."

"Okay, so we can't go outside," Simba said, before hanging his head in despair. He felt so trapped. Like he was in a cage and couldn't ever escape. "This is terrible!" he exclaimed, hopping to his paws. "Look around! We're stuck here! We're trapped!" He scraped the wall with his claws. "There's no way out!"

Nala pulled him to the ground. "Simba! That's not going to help. Besides, it's only one night we have to stay here. Look on the bright side. I'm sure the storm will be all cleared up by tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow *morning*?" Simba repeated, a horrified look on his face. He slid to the ground, frowning. "We're doomed. Like, *really* doomed. The type of 'doomed' when you're about to be eaten by a huge, scary monster."

"Oh, it's not that bad," Nala said. "I'm sure there's lots of things we can do around here. Like... like..."

Simba motioned for her to continue. "Yes...? Like...?"

"Uh..." Nala couldn't really think of anything. "Well, I can't think of anything *now* – but I'm sure *something* will come to me."

"Of course it will," Haiba said flatly. "Hey, here's an idea: let's fight each other to the death. That should take care of the boredom."

"I don't think so," Nala replied. "I say we just go to sleep." She slid to her stomach, her head resting on her paws. "And, by the time we wake up, it'll be morning. Doesn't that sound good to you?"

Simba and Haiba looked at each other. "But we're not sleepy," they both said in unison, surprising themselves.

"Well..." Nala rose to her paws. "I can fix that." She stared into Simba's auburn eyes. "Simba... look into my eyes... *deep* into my eyes... you are feeling sleepy... *very* sleepy..."

Simba stared back into Nala's eyes, looking completely entranced.

But then, he smiled, chuckling. "I don't think so, Nala," he said, stepping back from her. "That old hypnosis thing doesn't work on me any—"

Simba slumped to the ground, and began snoring, his eyes closed, totally asleep.

Haiba was wide-eyed. "Um... Nala?" he called. "How did you do that?"

Nala turned to Haiba and shrugged. "I don't know," she replied. "Lucky guess? Anyway, you're next!"

"Err, I don't think so," Haiba said, taking a step backwards. "I'd rather keep my free will, if it's all the same to you."

Nala rolled her eyes, and lay beside Simba, snuggled up to him. "Ah, suit yourself," she said. "All I know is that I'm getting a good night's sleep – whether there's a storm or not." She closed her eyes.

Haiba shrugged. "Whatever." He turned around, walked past all of the sleeping lionesses and their cubs, before reaching the den entrance. He gazed outside, watching as the rain assaulted the ground mercilessly. "What part of 'rain, go away' don't you understand?" he jokingly asked, before staring out into the night.

It wasn't long before his eyes started to glow a crimson red. He could feel something poking his mind.

He shook his head, blinking a few times. His eyes returned to their usual blue colour, temporarily pleasing him.

But that still left one vitally important question on his mind.

What was that?

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: The Miserable Cub**

Chapter Two: The Miserable Cub

Duni was far from the happiest cub in the world. In fact, he was miserable. Very, very miserable. So miserable that even the happiest person in the world would become extremely depressed at just the sight of him. That's all he was. Miserable, miserable, miserable.

Bad luck just seemed to follow him wherever he went. It was as if he were cursed. Cursed by something truly, truly evil. It wouldn't surprise him. Only one joyous thing had ever happened in his life – but that was all in the past. It had been stolen from him. Stolen in the most cruel and horrible way.

Duni slowly sauntered along the wet, sloppy ground of the Pride Lands, as the unrelenting rain lashed down on him. It felt cold, wet and unpleasant on his fur. It just added to the misery. The endless misery.

Duni looked upwards, but could barely see a thing. The heavy rain seemed to mask most things from sight; he could barely see his paws. He struggled to see if there was some kind of pride nearby.

He wasn't good at knowing the land. He just left his home – there was nothing for him there, not even his parents – and started walking aimlessly around the land. It seemed to go on for ever and ever – and it probably did. He had crossed deserts, fields, even a massive jungle to get here.

Wherever 'here' was.

Duni stopped for a second, trying to catch his bearings.

Crash!

Duni shot his head upwards, to look at the black clouds in the night sky. It was thunder. Loud, scary thunder, which sent shivers up his spine.

He didn't like storms. They were just scary. He just wanted to get out of the rain and find some shelter – but there was none to be found. The rain made it so difficult to see. He couldn't tell if there was any kind of life nearby. Maybe he was in the middle of a massive field – a field that just went on for miles and miles and miles.

He couldn't tell. There was no knowing where he was going. And what made it even scarier was the fact that the storm seemed to be getting worse.

It was very peculiar. When he was trekking across the flatlands to get here, the weather wasn't *nearly* as bad. The rain was just softly trickling down to the ground. It seemed that the storm was solely focused on this one particular area.

Duni took a few steps forward, battling against the ferocious wind that was trying to blow him back. It was so strong. It felt as if he was going to be carried off the ground and into the sky.

Crash!

Duni stopped dead in his tracks. The lightning sounded even louder now. That was the worst part. The lightning seemed to strike anywhere and everywhere. It was totally unpredictable. "Lightning never strikes the same place twice," someone had once said to him.

Yeah, right. From the way Duni was looking at things, lightning was striking the same place over and over again. It was relentless. He hoped he didn't get struck by it. If that happened, then he would be dead. His miserable, unfair life would reach its climax.

But did it really matter? That was the question Duni had on his mind. Maybe he should just allow himself to be struck by lightning. Then he would be reunited with the people – person – he loved the most.

However, Duni was far too scared. He feared death. When you were cursed to a life of misery, you feared a lot. One of those things was death. But as unfortunate as he was, Duni didn't want to die.

What he wanted was somewhere to stay for the night. That would be preferable. He was trying to find some kind of pride nearby. He did find one in the jungle, but he heard them talking angrily about "those damn three cubs who escaped us," so he decided that it would be best not to disturb them.

Duni cried out in surprise as he tripped into an unseen puddle. The freezing cold temperature of the water stung his

skin. Almost like it was *burning* him.

Quickly, he climbed out of the puddle, shaking himself to try and get some of the water off. His breathing became loud and heavy, as he frantically scanned his surroundings, trying to find somewhere he could hide from the seemingly ominous storm.

Everything seemed to be closing in on him. The thunder, the lightning, the wind. It was all out to get him. The storm was chasing him. Trying to catch him. Duni had the feeling that it would get him eventually.

That was when he started running. *Crash!* More thunder. Or was it lightning? He didn't know. He didn't *want* to know. He just had to get away. Find some cover. *Anything* that would allow him to hide from that storm. It was more than just weather.

It was *alive*.

Running faster and faster, Duni couldn't see anything. Everything was going so fast for him. He didn't know where to go. He didn't know what to do. He skidded to a halt, feeling completely lost.

And that was when the lightning struck.

A big, blue bolt of lightning struck Duni on the chest, causing him to cry out as the agonising pain engulfed him. The lightning was burning him. It was singing his skin. It felt like his whole body was on fire. He felt like he was going to explode.

He continued to scream and scream – not that it was helping in any way – until the lightning suddenly stopped.

His whole body smoking, Duni collapsed to the ground. He lay on his back, his eyes half closed, staring up at the black clouds.

He lay there, having lost all of his remaining strength. His whole body felt so fragile. He was dying. Slowly, painfully dying.

He could feel his heart slowing down. His eyes slowly began to shut. He was slipping away. Slipping away from the world.

Slipping away from life...

But then, his heart started to beat faster.

And faster.

And faster.

It was thumping in his chest, as an immense amount of strength was suddenly pumped through his veins. Duni gasped loudly at the top of his voice, his green eyes snapping open. His body began to feel stronger and stronger. He felt so powerful. He didn't even think such a thing was possible.

Bringing a paw up to his face, Duni's eyes widened in surprise.

His paw crackled slightly with blue electricity. He could tell already that something strange had just happened to him.

He looked at his paw, and then up at the sky. It didn't take him long to figure out what had happened.

Somehow, after being struck by lightning, power had been transferred into him. Ultimate, glorious power.

Duni outstretched his paw. A bolt of lightning shot out, blowing a tree in the distance into pieces.

Duni looked down at his paw, wide-eyed. He looked at the tree he had just annihilated, and then—

—he started to chuckle evilly. At the top of his voice. He had power. Destructive, perfect power. For once in his life, he wasn't miserable at all. He was happy. Very, very happy.

Because now he was the most powerful cub in the world.

AN: Corrupted cubs. There's so many of them these days, aren't there? Well, I'm sure he's going to give Simba a bit of a 'shock', eh? Sorry. These kind of puns *demand* to be made. Expect around five thousand or so more over the course of

this story. You may click that button at the bottom of the screen to let me know how much you hate me.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Wet, Wet Day

AN: Time for more of this 'shocking' story. Oh, man, these puns are awful... but that won't stop me! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha...

kora22: I lighten up your afternoons? That's good to hear. I always like it when people find something to enjoy out of these stories. Hooray! Another point for me! Keep the feedback coming. I'm sure you know it helps.

Kblade: Nice to see you reviewing again. And it's also nice to see that you've noticed the little problem Haiba has. Maybe you can uncover the mystery. Oh, and concerning another series: I'm really not sure. I suppose we'll just have to wait and see. I might finally bow out respectfully at the end of this one...

Simba Pridelands: Never trust a storm. You might get struck by a bolt of lightning and gain destructive powers. Actually, that doesn't sound so bad right now. Ooh, look, a storm! Excuse me for one second...

Chapter Three: A Wet, Wet Day

"Weather sucks," Simba said, as he stared out of the den. "I mean, it really, *really* sucks. I hate it when it's wet."

"I feel your pain," Haiba agreed. "I'm not exactly fond of rain. It just makes the ground feel so... wet. I don't like it. It feels really funny when you're trying to walk. Not to mention that all the gloominess makes you feel depressed. Just *look* at that sky!"

The storm from last night had since passed. But that didn't mean that the weather had gotten a lot better. The sun still wasn't visible, and dark grey clouds hung in the air. Rain was still lightly falling to the ground. It was a lot better than the horrible storm from last night – but not by a lot. It was still pretty miserable.

"At least we can go outside, I suppose," Nala said, looking on the bright side of things. "We don't have to stay in the den anymore. I told you it would get better, didn't I?" She smiled at the two.

"I... guess," Simba eventually said, before walking out of the den. He felt his paws sink slightly into the mushy ground. "Aw!" he exclaimed in disgust. "I knew it! The ground is like quicksand today!"

"Simba, what are you—" Nala followed him outside, and then realised when her own paws started to sink. "Oh. I see what you mean now."

Haiba didn't move from his original position. "What did I tell you?" he said. "You could probably *drown* in the ground if you stood in the same spot for long enough. Just how the heck are we supposed to have an exciting adventure in this kind of weather?"

"Hey, if you think about it, the weather could make things even *more* exciting," Nala suggested, still thinking positively. The one thing she didn't want was to go back inside and just sit there all day. She'd had enough of that last night.

"How can this horrible rain make things more exciting, Nala?" Simba asked, frankly astounded that she had said such a thing. "It's rain. It's not fun at all. I don't really understand how clearer I can be."

"I think it's pretty adventurous," Nala continued, taking a few more steps forward, leaving her paw prints embedded in the ground. "Now all the normal stuff is dangerous to us, too. We could die by rolling down a hill! Isn't that exciting?"

"It's *dangerous*, is what it is," Haiba replied. "Maybe we should just leave it for another day or two. It should be a *little* bit dry by then."

A little *bit dry*? Nala yelled in her mind. *I'm not waiting that long!* "Hold on a second," she said, hurrying over to Haiba. "Let's just spend an hour out here. I really don't want to go back inside. *Please*..." She gave him her best cheesy grin.

"Only if I can have a kiss," replied Haiba, a happy little grin on his face. He had Nala right where he wanted her. She would do anything in this desperate state. She wasn't the type of cub to stay at home all day. She liked to be out and about, careening from one adventure to the next. She wouldn't be able to refuse Haiba's offer.

"*What?*" Nala exclaimed, backing away. "I'd have to be *insane* to kiss you!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you ask Simba to do it?"

Haiba shrugged. "Hey, either of you, I don't care," he said, prompting Simba to look a little worried.

"Uh, I think I'm gonna pass on the 'kissing Haiba' thing," he said, cautiously stepping away. "I'm with Nala on this one."

Maybe we should spend a few hours outside. It's too boring and hot and stuffy inside that den. Especially with all of the other nasty cubs around."

Simba strode away, keeping his eyes on the Pride Lands that lay beyond him. Everything looked so depressing today. It was a horrible day to die. "So where do you think it won't be—"

He slipped into a muddy puddle, crying out in surprise. "Hey!" *Splash!* "Stupid puddles!" he exclaimed, as he slowly climbed out of the puddle, part of his cute golden-brown fur matted with dirt. "For once, why can't they annoy someone who deserves it?"

Nala couldn't help but giggle. "Maybe you should keep your eyes on the ground more often," she joked.

"Aw, come on!" Simba yelled, noticing the dirt that had gotten onto his fur. "This just isn't fair! All the stuff I do for the world, and what does it do? Throws it back in my face – *literally!*"

"Come on, Simba," said Nala, as she pulled him away from the puddle, leading him down Pride Rock. "It's about time we got our paws dirty for once. Maybe there's some more mud puddles around for us to have fun with!"

"You should see the Mud Puddles of Uchafu," said Haiba, as he followed the two. "They're so deep and long. You can actually go swimming in them! Needless to say, that's one date I never particularly wish I went on. But with this fur colour, mud doesn't really make me look all that different."

"Then why do you keep complaining?" Simba asked. "What is it with you and dirt that you just can't stand?"

"I could ask you the same question," Haiba retorted. "Besides, I am a very clean cub. Being a prince, I have to keep my figure – and my reputation. I don't want my future subjects to view me as a dirt-infested freak."

"You're already a bit of a freak," Nala said. "I mean, what other cub has romantic feelings for sticks and stones?"

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but they also happen to be very hot," he quipped, grinning at Nala. "Trust me, when you've been brought up by a psychotic parent then this type of stuff feels normal to you."

Nala raised an eyebrow at that. "It *does*? I know your mother was pretty sick in the head, but I've met crazier than her."

"Like that stupid frog," Simba muttered. "Do you know what it's like to be turned into a frog? It's not nice. It feels really... slimy and goey. I didn't like it. It makes me really grateful to have a body like this."

Nala had a dreamy expression on her face, as she stared at Simba. "Yeah..." she said. "I'm really grateful, too."

Haiba's eyes glowed red at this.

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4: Simba Gets a Shock**

Chapter Four: Simba Gets a Shock

When Simba, Nala, and Haiba arrived at the water hole, they were surprised to find that no one was around. Sure, they knew none of the lionesses or cubs would be in the area, but what shocked them was the absence of animals. They couldn't even see a single bird flying in the sky. Not even Zazu – and he flew around no matter *what* the weather conditions were like.

They had to admit, it was rather strange...

"Quiet today," Haiba noticed, stopping at the edge of the water hole. He stared down at the clear water, watching as rain drops fell onto it, creating little ripples. He smiled. "I'll admit that rain knows how to make water look more appealing than it normally does." He stuck his paw in the water, swishing it around. "Makes it colder, too," he said, quickly removing his paw. "You wouldn't want to swim in that."

"Not that I was planning on, anyway," Nala said, looking around. "Does anyone else find it odd that there aren't any other animals around?"

"Yeah..." Simba had a slightly wary look on his face. He was thinking the same thing. "Haiba, tell me something."

"What?" Haiba asked, craning his neck so he was looking at Simba. "You've got The Look on your face again."

"The what?" Nala asked.

"The Look," Haiba explained. "It's what I call that very suspicious face Simba gets whenever he knows something really bad is about to happen. So, right now, he's got The Look."

"Yeah, okay, so I've got The Look," Simba said quickly. "Now dip your head inside the water."

"Sorry, could you repeat that one more time for me?" Haiba asked, sounding surprised. "I almost thought I heard you telling me to dip my head in the freezing water for a second there."

"I *did*," Simba responded. "Check if there are any fish in there."

Haiba stared down at the water. "Why me?" he moaned, before quickly sticking his head under the water, quickly looking around to see if there were any fish underneath.

What he saw shocked him.

"Okay," he said, quickly bringing his head out of the freezing cold water. "That's freaky. I mean, that is *really* freaky."

"What's freaky?" Nala wanted to know. "Simba, what's going on? Why isn't anybody telling me anything?"

"There's no fish," Haiba told Simba. "That's not normal. That's *definitely* not normal." Simba remained silent. "Aren't you going to say anything? Hello?" He knocked the top of Simba's head. "Anybody in there?"

Simba snapped out of it. "Sorry. I was daydreaming. Did you check for fish?"

Haiba nodded. "None. There's none there. Either that or they're all gone. We didn't have fish for dinner last night, did we? Memory-erasing fish, perhaps?"

"We don't eat fish," was Simba's response, "which means that they're all dead." He sighed. "I knew this was going to be a bad day."

"Wait, wait, wait, how can all the fish be dead?" Nala asked. "That doesn't make any sense. Fish don't just kill themselves."

"No – someone *else* killed them," Simba replied. "But who? What? Why? When? I hate questions with no answers. I feel like my Dad when he's giving me a long lecture."

"Maybe some outsider got really hungry and decided to have himself a feast," Haiba mused, sitting down on the wet ground. "Either that or the fish all ate each other to death. That's cannibalism, isn't it?"

"Somehow..." Simba narrowed his eyes, turning his head slightly. "I don't think that's the right explanation." He pointed at

something a few feet away from them. "Look."

He walked over to a few dead branches on the ground. Parts of them were black and burnt, smoking slightly. He touched it, and then instantly recoiled. "Ow!" he cried. "Don't touch it," he warned Nala and Haiba, as they walked over to him. "It's hot."

"I don't understand; who put all these branches here?" Nala asked, confused. "They weren't here yesterday."

"Yes, they were," Simba told her. "They were attached to a tree. And now the tree's gone, which means—"

"—That we've got to solve yet another mystery," Haiba finished for him. "The Mad Tree Destroyer of the Pride Lands." He scoffed. "Some villain. What kind of a target has that?"

"It's burnt," Nala noticed, pointing to the black burn marks on what remained of the tree. "Look. It's smoking, too. Did someone set it on fire?"

"I don't think so," Haiba replied, leaning his head towards it and sniffing the air. "It smells like smoke. I'd say it was caused by a large amount of heat – but not a fire. Otherwise there'd probably still be a few flames around."

"Maybe the rain put it out?" Nala suggested.

"In that case, then why hasn't it cooled down by now?" Haiba retorted. "Something else has caused this."

"Don't you mean *someone*?" Simba asked.

"How did I know he was going to say that?" Haiba said, grinning. "I know you so well that I can predict exactly what you're going to say every time you open your mouth. Now I know how Nala feels."

"You need to be madly in love with Simba to know how I feel," Nala informed him.

"Who says I'm *not* in love with Simba?" replied Haiba. "For all you know, my heart could be thumping in my chest every time I look at him. So, what do you say, Simba?" Haiba put his paw around Simba's shoulder. "Want to try a little make-out session?"

"Never in a million years," was Simba's reply, as he slipped away from Haiba's grasp. "And this isn't the time for a romantic moment. We've got a job to do. We do what the grownups can't. Am I right?"

Nala narrowed her eyes. "Isn't that everything?"

"Exactly." Simba looked back and forth between Nala and Haiba. "Now, if I was a cub with magical heating powers, then where would I be?"

Zap!

Simba was suddenly thrown three feet into the air, before crashing down into the muddy earth. His body was smoking slightly, and his tuft was all spiked up. "Ow..."

Nala gasped. "Simba!" she cried, running over to her boyfriend's side. "What the heck happened to you?"

Simba wearily lifted his head up. "I think I just got zapped," he replied, sounding like he was in an enormous amount of pain.

"And I think I know by who," Haiba told the two, before pointing away from the water hole.

There, stood at the top of a nearby hill, was a cub.

He shot out his paw, and a blue bolt of lightning shot out, heading straight for the three of them!

AN: Clever cliffhanger, huh? It's exciting stuff like this that just makes me want to keep on writing. So, what will happen to our three loveable cubs? Are they all about to get "electro-frazzled", as Nala would put it? You'll have to wait and see. I love cliffhangers. They're the ultimate defence mechanism. You just *have* to keep on reading!

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: A New Identity

AN: Time for an action-packed chapter! Don't you just love gratuitous violence? It's what makes the world so lovely and peaceful. I stole the name of the villain from something, but on a website like this, who really cares?

Kblade: Good theory – but not the correct one. Haiba just sort of likes to mess around with Simba and Nala. He's not actually jealous of either one of them. It's something else. I'm sure one of you readers can figure it out before the next story.

Simba Pridelands: People disappear a lot in these stories, don't they? Even fish. But that's only because a nasty bad guy killed them all.

Chapter Five: A New Identity

Simba, Nala and Haiba jumped to the side, narrowly avoiding being struck by the bolt of lightning that had been shot right at them.

"Whoa!" Nala exclaimed, her eyes wide with surprise. "What was *that*?" she asked, having no idea what had almost hit them. She'd never seen anything like this before – but it was definitely lethal. She knew that for certain.

"I don't know," Simba replied, getting to his paws. "I've never seen anything like it. Just looked like a bright flashing light to me."

"Magic?" Nala suggested, shrugging. "I bet it's magic. You don't see something like... *that* every day."

"It's not magic," said a voice from above the three cubs.

They all looked up to see the cub at the top of the hill. The cub that had fired the strange lightning at them all. "It's a gift." The cub leapt from the hill, high into the air, and landed gently on the ground below.

The three cubs' mouths were wide open with shock. "Okay, I've seen some weird things, but you've gotta admit, that was pretty cool," said Haiba, pointing at the cub, amazed that he had achieved such a feat.

"Cool – but not very friendly," Simba remarked, taking a step towards the cub, eyeing him with suspicion. He could tell that this cub had murder on his intentions. The murder of him and his friends, to be precise. "So, what's your name?"

The cub scowled at them. "My name is Duni," he told the three cubs. "But that name no longer has any meaning to me. You can call me Shocker."

"Shocker?" Haiba raised an eyebrow. "Was that really the best you could come up with? What, were all the good names taken? What about Electro? I think that's a pretty good one, don't you?"

Duni – or Shocker, as he now liked to be called – tensed up in anger, his claws extending. They crackled with sparks of electricity. "Do not mock my name," he warned them, his eyes glowing red for a fraction of a second.

"But it's stupid!" Haiba complained. "I mean, what kind of stupid, idiotic villain decides to call himself—"

Shocker shot his paw out, sending a bolt of electricity into Haiba's chest. He cried out – both in surprise and pain – flying a few feet into the air and landing hard on his back. He grunted, his body smoking a little.

Nala stared at Haiba's body in shock, while Simba's gaze remained fixed on Shocker. "You shouldn't have done that," Simba warned, his eyes blazing with anger. "It's not very nice to hurt my friends."

"I've been hurting all my life," was Shocker's reply. "Is it not right that someone else suffers for once?"

"He doesn't really talk like a cub," Nala noticed, watching Shocker with curiosity. She presumed that he wasn't like this before. In fact, he probably differed in personality a lot. Something had changed him.

"Yeah," Simba agreed. "Which I guess means something pretty nasty happened to ya – am I right?" he asked Shocker.

"You could say I was given a little... power boost," replied Shocker, holding a paw out in front of his face, extending his claws. They continued to crackle with a powerful amount of electricity. "I never knew storms could be so... helpful."

"The storm..." Simba thought for moment, when it suddenly occurred to him. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "He was struck by

lightning!"

"Struck by lightning?" Nala said, confused. "That's impossible. If he did, then he would have been electro-frazzled. He should be dead!"

"You're going to keep using that word, aren't you?" Simba asked.

"Yes," was Nala's reply. "I like using words that sound really nice. Now answer my question. How is he still alive?"

"I'm... special," Shocker told them. "So very, very special. I was given power. The power of the gods. I feel better now. Faster. Smarter. Stronger." A cruel smile spread across his face. "*Meaner*."

"I doubt the gods would give *you* any power," said Simba. "You're too greedy. If anyone deserves power around here, then it's me."

"Slightly overzealous, aren't you, Simba?" Shocker asked.

"I'm not over anything," Simba replied. "And how do you know my name?"

"I know everything about you, Simba," Shocker informed him. "When I was granted these powers, let's just say the person who gave me them was very... *generous* in also presenting me with certain little snippets of knowledge. One of these little snippets was about you and the heroic little deeds you've done around this kingdom. But they will all be in vain soon, for I will crush you all like bugs. Tiny, insignificant little bugs."

"We haven't done anything to you," said Nala. "Just what exactly do you want?"

"To take over the world," Shocker answered.

"Of course!" Simba exclaimed. "I would say I'm surprised, but... I'm not. Seen way too much of this stuff by now." He took a step towards Shocker. "You could always surrender," he suggested. "And then maybe this won't have to get so rough."

"I'm afraid it's gone past that stage," Shocker retorted. "And now you all must die. All of you have caused so much pain – and I think it's about time that you paid the price for it. The price, of course, is death."

"I've never even met you," said Simba. "So just how the heck am I supposed to hurt you? Did that lightning mess with your brain or something? 'Cause it sure looks like it!"

In an outburst of fury, Shocker grabbed Simba's shoulder, sending electricity coursing through his body.

Simba was suddenly overcome by an immense wave of pain. His whole body began to burn as he was electrocuted. He cried out in agony, trying to get away. But Shocker had a tight grip, and refused to let go.

"Die..." Shocker snarled, through gritted teeth. "*Die*..."

"No!" Nala cried, leaping at Shocker and tackling him to the ground. "Get off him!" she yelled, before trying to slash Shocker with her claws.

He simply pushed her on the chest, causing her to be sent flying onto her back. She grunted in pain, her body smoking.

"Ow..." Simba looked up, and saw Nala lying on the ground. His heart pounding in his chest, he ran over to her side. "Nala, can you hear me?"

Nala looked very weak and frail. "Simba, I..." She groaned a little, closing her eyes, slipping away into unconsciousness.

Simba turned around, only for Shocker to grab him by the throat, lifting him up high. "I told you that you would pay," he said, before throwing Simba into the air.

He crashed into the ground at the edge of the water hole. Pain shot up through his side, and he could feel a nasty scrape starting to bleed.

Shocker strode over to Simba, picking him up by the neck again. "Maybe you should have been a little nicer to me," he said, holding Simba over the water hole. "Then you wouldn't have had such a painful death."

"What are you—"

Simba didn't understand – until Shocker used his free paw to place a claw in the water hole.

Immediately, the water became electrified, blue arcs of lightning frantically crackling all over the place.

Simba's eyes widened in horror, as Shocker chuckled evilly.

He had won.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Shocker Takes a Prisoner

Chapter Six: Shocker Takes a Prisoner

Simba quickly jabbed Shocker in the stomach with his claws, causing him to growl in pain. Simba was released from the villainous cub's grasp, allowing him to drop the safety of the ground, relieved.

Quickly, Simba got to his paws, turning around to face Shocker, who was glaring at him furiously. "Somehow I don't think you're gonna be very pleased," he said, backing away from Shocker. "But would it help if I said I was sorry for that?" He got no reply. "No? Okay."

Shocker let out a cry of anger, outstretching his forepaws and sending two bolts of electricity right at Simba.

His eyes widening in surprise, Simba rolled to the side, grunting as the wet ground connected with the scrape on his side. He looked down, and saw that it was bleeding. It was stinging, too. *Of all the days to get dirty...* he thought, before looking around to see where Shocker was.

But he was nowhere to be seen. "What?" Confused, Simba scanned the area around the water hole, but couldn't spot Shocker anywhere at all. He frowned. "But... but where is—"

Shocker landed right on top of Simba, causing him to cry out in surprise. "You should have looked up," Shocker told him, before grabbing him roughly by the shoulders.

Electricity coursed through Simba's veins. His whole body felt like it was on fire again. Like it was burning up from the inside. A few more seconds and he feared that he might disintegrate into a pile of ash.

Shocker suddenly let go of Simba, getting off of his body. He grabbed Simba by the neck, staring into his auburn eyes. "You're just lucky that I need you alive," he said. "Otherwise this wouldn't be a very interesting day."

He pushed his paw into Simba's face—

Zap!

—And everything went black.

"Hey!"

Simba's eyes flickered open, and he found Haiba staring down at him. "Hey!" Haiba was trying to wake him up. "Are you okay, Simba?"

Simba groaned in pain. His whole head was throbbing. He hadn't felt such a headache since the time when he had been infected with the Kulaani illness. Slowly, he sat up, looking around confusedly. "Where's Nala?" he asked, noticing her absence.

Haiba sighed regretfully. "He's taken her," he replied. "Shocker's taken Nala. I saw him dragging her away just as I was waking up."

"Did he say anything?" Simba asked, rushing to his paws. "Do you know where he's taking her?"

Haiba shook his head. "He didn't say anything, Simba. He just dragged her away while she was screaming."

He hit the ground angrily in frustration. "No!" he yelled, breathing heavily. "Why did this have to happen?"

"Simba, what are you talking about?" Haiba didn't understand.

"She's hurt," Simba replied. "And I got her into this. If I hadn't let Shocker grab me, then she wouldn't have gotten knocked out." He looked down at the ground in despair, sighing. "It's all my fault."

"Simba..." Haiba began, putting a paw on his shoulder. "We can get her back. We just have to find out where Shocker's taken her."

"And how are we supposed to figure that out?" Simba asked. "Look around. Do you see anyone? No. It's raining. No one would have seen anything. Shocker and Nala could be miles away for all we know!"

"I don't think so," said Haiba. "He wouldn't just take Nala for the sake of it. He said he wanted to kill us *all* – remember?"

A few seconds passed before Simba nodded slightly. "Yeah," he agreed. "Yeah, he did. He said he was going to kill *us*. Not her – *us*."

"So I think he *wants* us to find him," Haiba continued. "I think that... he wants some kind of showdown with us."

"He could have killed us earlier," Simba pointed out. "'This wouldn't be a very interesting day'..."

"What?"

"It's what Shocker said to me – before he knocked me out," Simba explained. "He said that he would have killed me – but he didn't because it 'wouldn't be a very interesting day'."

"So he wants to make this last as long as possible," Haiba concluded. "He wants a bit of a fight. A challenge to test his new powers on."

Simba nodded. "I think so." He looked down at the ground, and smiled. "And I think I also know where to find him."

He pointed at the wet ground. Shocker's paw prints were embedded in it, creating a trail which led away from the water hole.

Haiba smiled. "Then we'd better get to work."

"You're a creep!" Nala yelled, as Shocker shoved her into the dark cave. "I can't wait until Simba gets here – because he's gonna—"

"Neither can I," Shocker interrupted. "I want to prolong this, Nala. I'm not just going to let my powers all go to waste. I want a challenge. Something to cut my teeth on."

"Then you're gonna get it," Nala informed him. "You've never met Simba before. He's going to tear you apart to get to me."

"I can't wait," Shocker replied. "I want a good fight. It'll give me such a rush – especially with these powers."

"Just who the heck are you?" Nala demanded. "And why are you so interested in killing us all?"

"You have no significance," Shocker said. "And the mystery surrounding who I am is not of your concern."

"Then I'm out of here," Nala declared, getting to her paws and trying to leave the cave.

With an angry growl, Shocker grabbed her, shoving her hard against the rock wall. "You're not going anywhere!" he shouted. "If you even *try* to escape, then I will fry your brain so fast that you won't even know it!"

"So kill me," Nala spat, not phased by him.

Shocker stared into her eyes, before turning away from Nala, letting go of her. He snarled, not looking happy at all. "Why do you even want to know?"

"Because I like to know who I'm dealing with," was Nala's response. "You said your name was Duni, didn't you?"

There was a moment of silence. Shocker had his back to her. "Yes," he finally answered. "That is – *was* – my name."

"Why'd you change it?" Nala asked, curious. This cub was hiding something. She knew it. Something had obviously happened to make him like this."

"Because it disgusts me!" he snapped, turning around to face Nala. "Every moment of every day with that name gave me nothing but suffering! No one loved me, no one even *liked* me! They were all so horrible!" His expression softened, as he turned his head slightly away from Nala. "Not until..." He trailed off.

"Until what?" said Nala, shifting slightly closer to Shocker.

"Until I met the cub who I fell in love with," Shocker replied. "I won't tell you her name. Turns out she felt the same way as I did. We had so much in common." He winced, as if the memories were hurting him on the inside. On a very personal level, they *did*.

"What... what happened?" Nala dared to ask.

Shocker was trying very hard not to show that he wanted to cry. "She... died," he said. "Illness took her in the end. She never even got the chance to say that she loved me before she died. After that, I just couldn't take it anymore. So I left my old pride, in search of somewhere greater."

"And then you got the powers," Nala concluded.

"And then I decided to make my life better with them," Shocker finished. "It's not that I want this. I *deserve* this. Especially after all the misery I've been put through. It's about time that I had that one shining moment of glory."

"Not until Simba stops you," Nala mumbled.

Shocker slowly approached Nala, and stroked her cheek. "What a pretty face," he said. "It would be a shame to ruin it."

AN: I love that last bit. So chilling. Well, how do you like Shocker, eh? It's not like that name belongs to some else or anything... heh-heh... Whatever, I'll see you tomorrow.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Showdown with Shocker

AN: The end of our penultimate story. Can Simba and Haiba save Shocker from his shocking powers? All you need is in this chapter.

Kblade: Yeah. I love Shocker, too. In my opinion, he's one of the best villains I've created yet. But that's just me. In fact, I might top myself very soon...

626and624: Yeah, I suppose rubber would help them out. But I don't think there's a Pride Lands Rubber Factory anywhere nearby. Oh, well. You can always hope.

Chapter Seven: Showdown with Shocker

Simba had a knack for detecting evil masterminds who wanted to take over the world. He was just special – and very clever – that way. Sometimes people would doubt his intelligence, but in reality, he was actually very smart. Smarter than most, that was for sure.

"So this is what we have to do," said Simba, as he and Haiba strode in the direction of the trail of paw prints that Shocker had left. "We find Shocker, beat him, and then save Nala. There we go. The world is saved, and I just might be able to get a good night's sleep."

"So why do you think this Shocker guy wants to kill us?" Haiba asked. "We've never even seen him before. How can someone like that just suddenly want to kill the first three cubs he sees?"

"I'm not sure," Simba replied. "But it has to mean something. Think about it. The guy's a psycho. A very *big* psycho. One of those psychos that just won't listen to you – right?"

Haiba nodded. "Right. But that still doesn't explain much. I mean, he really seems to have it out for us – but we've never done anything to him. Unless he's some kind of time-travelling maniac who we're going to do something to in the future, so to stop us he went back in time to murder us before we could do something to him."

Simba was scratching his head, looking seriously confused. "That's a little... complicated, don't you think?" he said. "Maybe we *have* met him before – but we got our memories erased. Either that or we did something very nasty to him while sleepwalking."

"I don't sleepwalk," Haiba told him. "Come to think of it, I don't *sleep* that much, really. Just an occasional thing."

"You *have* to sleep, Haiba," Simba said. "Otherwise you get so tired that you just... fall down and die."

Haiba grinned. "Maybe I'm just special," he said, sounding like he was half-joking, half-serious. "In a very weird kind of way." They walked in silence for a few moments. "So when you say 'beat Shocker', what exactly do you mean by that?"

"Uh... Well, I'll make up that bit as I go along," Simba replied. "You know – like I always do. But it's worked every time so far, so I doubt there'll be any problem."

"Not unless Shocker's planning on that," Haiba countered. "He wants a fight, Simba. You *know* he does. He's going to try and use all of those powers of his to kill us. And he'll probably want to make it painful, too."

Simba nodded. "Yeah. I know that you know that I know – you know? But this is the only chance we have at saving Nala. What else are we going to do? Ask my dad for help?"

"You *could*," Haiba replied, his tone showing that he wasn't joking at all. He saw the look Simba was giving him, and then raised his eyebrows. "I'm serious, Simba," he insisted. "We could tell your parents. At least then we'd outnumber him a lot more. Wouldn't that be more helpful?"

Simba scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Yeah, right. If we told my parents then my dad would probably argue that 'it's too dangerous for me to go,' or something like that. They just don't trust me – as I'm sure you know."

"Yeah." Haiba nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I guess so." Haiba indeed knew that Simba's parents didn't trust him. They often looked down on their son as an immature, selfish, mischievous cub. Sure, the latter part was true – but he was far from immature and selfish. He may get himself into dangerous situation a lot of the time, but he always knew what he was doing.

Mostly.

"Look, we're going to beat Shocker by attacking him with his weakness," Simba explained. "The trouble is, I don't know what his weakness is."

"Water," Haiba replied, almost instantly. "Stick him in water and he'll 'electro-frazzle' himself to death. Hey, that word is kinda catching on..."

"If that's true," said Simba, shooting a look up at the sky, droplets of rain falling onto his face, "then how come he hasn't electro-frazzled himself already? It's raining."

"Maybe it's not strong enough," Haiba mused. "Maybe you need a large amount of water – like a river. We should have pushed him into the water hole when we had the chance."

Simba shook his head. "I – I don't think that's right," he said. "He touched the water earlier. When we fought. He made the whole water go all sparkly and stuff. He was going to kill me by throwing me into it."

"Great," Haiba said flatly. "So now we've got to deal with an invincible cub with the power of a god." He then quickly added, "You don't think it actually *was* gods who gave him his power, do you?"

Simba gave Haiba a funny look. "No way!" he exclaimed. "That's just silly. Do you think gods would give an evil cub like *him* crazy lightning powers? This was just a weird accident. A stupid, weird accident that we have to take care of now."

"Man, these tracks go on for a while," Haiba noticed, staring down at the paw prints in the ground. "From what I saw, the guy could jump, like, a mile into the air. What's the point in walking when you have powers like that?"

"You're forgetting – he *wants* us to find him, remember?" Simba said. "This is his way of showing us where he is. This is gonna be tricky if we don't find out what his weakness is. Maybe you have to tap him on the cheek or something." He shrugged. "I don't know."

"Do you think he would have done something to Nala?" Haiba asked. "You know, he might have hurt her to... anger us, or something like that."

Simba didn't want to think about anything like that. If Shocker hurt Nala, then he would never forgive himself. This was his fault. He'd gotten Nala into this mess, so he was going to get her out of it.

But if Nala *had* been hurt, then Shocker was going to be in for quite a shock.

"So where are you taking me now?" Nala asked, as Shocker pushed her forwards.

The two of them were stood in the middle of a plain green field, which was in between two rivers.

"Stop right there," Shocker ordered, pushing Nala violently to the ground, causing her to cry out in surprise. "Now stay... or I'm going to break your neck," he threatened. If he had to do that, then he *would* do that. Without a second thought, too.

"Why are you so mean?" Nala asked, staring up at him angrily. "You can't take it out on other people just because someone you love died."

"Yes, I *can*!" Shocker snapped angrily, his eyes glowing red. His whole outline crackled with powerful electricity. He was like a storm waiting to happen – and a very deadly storm, at that. "None of you deserve the happiness that I do! You are all nothing! You deserve to be hurt! You deserve to be punished! You deserve to *die*!"

Furious, Shocker shot out his paw. A blue bolt of lightning fired from it, striking a tree in the distance, burning it to a cinder. "That's what I'll do to you if you keep insulting me," he warned Nala. "So the wise move would be to keep your mouth shut."

Nala had to admit that Shocker was absolutely terrifying. Really. Every time he spoke, she could feel a chill in her bones. Her blood ran cold. He was a menacing cub – no, *creature*. The raw power and evil inside of him scared her to death.

But still, she wasn't exactly going to start crying and whimpering, begging Shocker for mercy. "Why us?" she summed up the courage to ask.

"Why *not*?" retorted Shocker with a shrug. "Don't look so shocked. It could have been anyone, you know. None of you mean anything to me. I will destroy you all. The whole world will do as I say – and if they *don't*, then you could say that the consequences will be..." An evil grin spread across his face, his eyes glowing crimson red again. "Very *shocking* indeed."

"I'm shaking."

Shocker whipped around to find Simba staring at him. "No, really," he said, taking a step towards Shocker. "I'm scared. You should be proud of yourself. That's what my dad used to say to me when I was a baby, and I'd done something good. 'Simba, you should be very proud of yourself.'"

Shocker was enraged already. "I have no time for your babbling, Simba," he spat, his voice becoming very deep and demonic. "I see you've arrived for our little party," he said in his normal tone.

Simba was a little freaked out. *What is wrong with this guy?* he wondered, before focusing on the present problem. "I'm not going to let you hurt Nala," he told Shocker firmly. "Just let her go. This is between you and me."

"And *me*," said Haiba, joining Simba by his side.

"*All* of us," Nala added, standing on Simba's other side. "If you want a fight, then you've *got* a fight."

Shocker shrugged, and smiled. "If you insist," he said, before immediately outstretching his forepaws. Arcs of lightning shot out, hitting both Nala and Haiba in the chest. They gasped at the burning impact.

But Shocker chuckled, enjoying the pain they were experiencing. He lifted up his paws, in turn levitating Nala and Haiba from the ground. With a flick of his paws, he sent the two of them into the two rivers on either side of him.

Splash!

Simba was horrified to find the two of them lying facedown in the water. "What have you done?" he cried, his eyes wide.

"Only a small fraction of what I'm about to do to you," replied Shocker. He shot out his paw, sending an electrical bolt right towards him.

Simba rolled out of the way, dodging it. Another one was sent flying his way, but Simba thought fast, jumping over it and landing at the edge of the river Nala was in.

He jumped into it, quickly swimming towards Nala. He had to save her. If she drowned, then he would never forgive himself.

Shocker smiled, striding over to the edge of the river. He extended his claws, all of them crackling with electrical energy. "Fools," he muttered, before going to dip his claw in the water.

That was when Haiba attacked, sending Shocker tumbling to the ground. "I don't think so," he said, smiling down at the villainous cub. "You're not electro-frazzling anyone with your powers today!"

Shocker only smiled in response. "We'll see," he said, before placing his claws on Haiba's shoulder, instantly giving him an electrical shock.

Haiba jumped away, landing awkwardly on his side. "Ow!" he cried, sucking air in through his teeth. That hurt more than he would have liked it to.

Shocker got to his paws, his eyes glowing red again. "End of the line, fool..."

Haiba's eyes glowed red in response.

Shocker raised a paw to deliver the killing blow, when someone grabbed it, twisting the paw around.

"Naughty, naughty," Simba tutted, shaking his head. "You wouldn't want to do that, Shocker. Haiba's a nice guy."

Simba pushed Shocker to the ground. "Now why don't you do this the easy way and give yourself up? It'll save me the trouble. Please. Just say yes."

"*No!*" Shocker snarled, getting to his paws and backing away. His whole body seemed more electrified than ever before. "You think I'm going to give in to a cub like – like *you*? I would *never* surrender! *Never!* I'm never going to stop until all of you *die! Until all of you burn in the fires of—*"

Unfortunately for Shocker, he wasn't looking where he was going, and ended up falling into the river behind him.

The sound of Shocker being electrocuted was unmistakable. His cries of agony made Simba, Nala and Haiba want to close their eyes.

But they kept them open, as if being forced to. They couldn't look away. Like they were hypnotised.

It wasn't long before Shocker's cries died out, and all that was left was his smoking dead body.

Simba wiped his forehead with a paw. "Phew," he exclaimed in relief. "That was a close one, huh?"

"Part of me feels sorry for him," Nala said, staring at Shocker's corpse with a hint of sympathy. "Think about it. If all of those horrible things hadn't happened to him, then he wouldn't have become like this."

"We can't control what happens and what doesn't," Haiba said, putting a paw on Nala's shoulder. "If you *could*, then... then that would make you a monster."

There was a moment of silence before Nala said, softly, "I know." More silence. "I know..."

Simba cleared his throat. "I think we'd better go," he said. "You know – before your mom starts worrying, and then she tells *my* mom, and then *she* starts worrying. It's not pretty."

Nala nodded. "Yeah," she said, and then turned, walking past her two friends and away from the area.

Simba and Haiba looked at each other, shrugged, and then followed after Nala.

They didn't look back at Shocker's body.

Not once.

When Shocker came back to life, he was just as surprised as anyone else would be.

He gasped loudly, screaming in both horror and agony. His claws thrashed around all over the place, and even when they dug into the ground at the river's edge, he still shook frantically. His eyes were wide with horror. "Darkness... darkness. It was just darkness..."

His breathing became loud and heavy, unable to comprehend what he had seen upon dying. Nothing.

There was nothing.

But as time passed, his breathing returned to its normal pace, and Shocker managed to calm himself – or, as calm as someone like him could be. "It was..." Shocker was trying hard not to explode with anger. "It was *him*."

He emerged from the water, his body still smoking. "Simba." He spat the name with disgust. "*He* did it. He killed me. And now my life means nothing. None of it means anything. It's all pointless."

He frowned, simmering with rage. "And now I'm going to kill *him*. He's going to go into the darkness – *very*, *very* soon."

Shocker gritted his teeth. "*Next time*."

And with that, he walked away. Away from the Pride Lands. Away from his murderer. But he knew one thing. Shocker knew one thing that was very, very certain.

When he returned, Simba was going to be in for the shock of his life.

The End

AN: Dun-dun-dun! Shocker's not dead? But I *always* kill my villains! Well, I love him too much. He's not going to die yet. But what's he going to do to Simba? How? When? Why? These questions will of course be left unanswered until a later date. Considering that there's the biggest series finale ever coming up next, I don't think it's very important.

So, the end of Series Three is nigh. People will die and evil shall prevail. I'm not joking when I say that this is huge. *Massively* huge. Stay tuned, dear friends. Stay very, *very* tuned...

NEXT TIME: Simba faces his greatest enemy yet, as all of the mysteries surrounding his life and the people around him are finally revealed, resulting in a battle for the entire world...